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THE EASTERN QUESTION, OLD AND NEW.

"THE Turks must be driven from Europe;" so say the diplomats, as they sit around the council boards endeavoring, forsooth, to push ahead the slowly moving God of History. "The Turks must be driven from Europe," reply the zealous ministers of Christianity, as if the pure religion of the gospel should be soldered by soldiers upon those who live this side of the Bosphorus. "The Turks must be driven from Europe," cry out the Russians, Satanlike, leaving off the last half of the sentence, which, I need scarcely tell, runs, "in order that we may dwell on the Golden Horn." "The Turks must be driven from Europe," is the almost universal opinion of all partakers of Western civilization.

Is all this true? Then why do they yet remain? The troops and the arms and the overwhelming numbers are at hand, have been at hand to these hundred years! Give but the word, and Abdul will scurry off without waiting to pick up his innumerable families. A strange state of affairs is this. For years and years a number of strong and lusty men have wished to take an apple from one weak, sick man, and have not been able to.

It is not the purpose of the writer to discourse on the wherefore of this anomaly, nor to expatiate upon the present political problems which, put together, make up the so-called Eastern question. But how came these worshipers of Allah to pitch their tents on holy ground? How far have their armies penetrated? And how have their troops been driven back? To answer these questions is the object of this paper.

The relativity of our views is truly remarkable. The average man of to-day regards the Eastern question as if it had but just assumed momentous proportions. As a matter of fact it was the pet complaint of Miss Europe's numerous ache spots long before these United States existed. Before

the boisterous Frederick the Great was, before Louis XIV. egoized or Richelieu bullied, before Elizabeth of England flirted or Christina of Sweden grew risquée—before any of these fabulous fathers and mothers of their countries' greatness beheld their offspring, the Eastern question was spoken of in whispers.

More than this, though to us the situation seems grave, to our forefathers' forefathers it was much graver. To-day it means but little in comparison with its perilousness in the days before modern European armaments became too serious an obstacle for the quondam conquering Turk. We little realize the harrowing feelings aroused in the sixteenth century by the words "The Turks are making an incursion." Throughout Germany men feared the Turks as our solitary colonial antecedents feared the Indians. In the old towns one can still find customs which are but relics of the preparations men used to make to keep the Turk from the door. That plot of land, bounded by Greece on the south, by the Adriatic and Ionian Seas on the west, and by the Ægean and Black on the east, which we regard as a modern Aceldama, used to be but the fringe of the crust of the edge of the bloody arena.

The whole miserable business was begun by the so-called Seljukian Turks in the eleventh century. They hurled themselves upon the Greek Christians dwelling in Asia Minor, and began to drive them like sheep toward the setting sun. Their successors, the Ottoman or Osmanlian Turks, took up the slogan, and consistently worked westward throughout the fourteenth century. These latter are first heard of in the end of the thirteenth century. The Seljukian Sultan of Iconium was hard pressed in a battle with the Moguls, when the scale was turned by the intervention of a small, but belligerent, band under one Ertoghrul. This personage begat Othman, who in time became the Turkish *Pater Patriæ*: it being from his name that the succeeding generation took their *nom de guerre*, which has, by stiff-tongued Westerners, been corrupted into Ottoman. The grateful Seljukian warrior—for even Turks have gratitude—rewarded Ertoghrul with

generous grants of land, and Othman attained independent power upon the breaking up of the Seljukian dynasty in 1307.

How diverting it is to figure out historical parallels! Here we have an interesting one. In the first decade of the fourteenth century occurred two events, which furnished ingredients to be used for centuries in compounding each and every dish served at the banquet of Western Europe's rulers. In this decade were discovered two laws of counterpoint, which have had to be adhered to in every European concert. The humiliation of Boniface VIII. was followed by centuries during which the Papacy was a mere cat's-paw for the calculating governors of Europe, whereby and wherewith they worked numerous political deals. What is the power behind the chair of St. Peter—is the question to be answered before a divorce can be applied for or a lucrative see can be filled. Not the sanctimonious voice of a Pius IX., crying out that the Holy Father can take sides with no nation, blinds us to the fact that from the day when Boniface rode backward upon an ass to the accompaniment of a crowd's derision till comparatively modern days the Papacy and all the power of anathematizing thrown in therewith was to be bought by the highest bidder. The other epoch-making event of this decade has already been indicated. As the Vicegerents of Christ fell from their lofty pretensions, contrariwise the Vicars of Allah rose to perilous importance. How enormous has been the influence of these two events on every subsequent page of history.

But it is high time to return to our narrative. We saw the Ottomans placed on their own feet, eager for conquest, zealous to oust the Christians from the sunny shores of Italy and the vine-clad valleys of the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Danube. Throughout the fourteenth century it was nip and tuck between the evolving Turk and the dissolving Eastern empire—if we can give so dignified a name to the wretched inhabitants of Constantinople—as to which would control the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus.

The first siege of Constantinople was in the opening year of the fifteenth century. Not the might of Christendom

saved the city, but a Tartar inrush from the East which called away the besiegers. For another half century the city on the straits was to be called Constantinople; for fifty more years the memory of the Great Emperor was to be preserved in the name of his new Rome. But soon the long-syllabled memorial was to be perverted, and we were to have in place the less suggestive but more euphonious Istambul. For *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* was writ large on the walls of Sancta Sophia, but there arose no Daniel to translate it, and the Nebuchadnezzar of that great city failed to make preparations while yet there was time. The Turks were drawing closer and closer, and their confidence ever increasing. Hear them boast: "We will yet feed our horses with hay piled up on the altar of the Pope," "We will yet put down the Christians from their seats, and exalt the name of Allah!"

Some text-books of the old school inform us that modern history begins in the year 1453. So far as the modern history of the Turks is concerned this is true. But history is not to be dissected, and the workings of the *Weltgeist* cannot be apportioned out into days and months and years. The fall of Constantinople in 1453 was an event of world-wide importance; but with all its blood and iron it was no more effectual in abolishing the old order than the ink and lead of the humble dweller in Strasburg. At this time all the world, as if by a preconcerted arrangement, blossoms forth with ideas and theories innumerable, and acts and facts momentous. However, while we are bound to remember that the fall of Constantinople was not the only event of importance in the last half of the fifteenth century, for our present purposes it is of epoch-marking proportions.

The Turks are in Europe to-day; and they first put their turbaned heads within the door of our house at this eventful time. From 1453 to 1903, exactly four hundred and fifty years, have they kept uncivilized that erstwhile home of culture. What reams of paper one could fill moralizing upon those four and a half centuries!

Having now got our Turks within the pale of civilization, let us take up the thread of the tale and see how they hence-

forth comport themselves. Broadly speaking, the next century—that is, from 1453 to 1566—finds Islam in all her glory; for in this time we have (may Allah be praised!) the splendid reign of Soleiman the Magnificent. What a title with which to be endowed by posterity! How much more to be desired than our prosaic English “the Great!” Under the Magnificent Soleiman the Crescent surged forward, crushing all the followers of the Cross who had the temerity to oppose it, but treating most humanely those who did not resist; for we ought honestly to remark upon the fact that the Islamite is about as desirable a bedfellow or neighbor as the Eastern Christian. At the end of Soleiman’s reign the Turks were masters of Greece, of the Balkan Peninsula (present *terra infirma*), of the Crimea, and of the hitherto Genoese possessions of Kaffa and Azov; and at one time it looked as if the whole of Christendom would bow before the might of Islam, and her priests be forced to cry an “Alla Akbar” where once they had droned their “Ave Marias.” But Turks, even Magnificent Turks, are mortal; and in 1566 Soleiman went to meet his prophet.

Perhaps before leaving this greatest of them all, it would be of interest to know something of his character. An old writer says of him: “He was a rigid Mussulman, and insisted on a strict observance of all the precepts of the Koran. He was temperate in his diet, ate but little meat, and amused himself chiefly with hunting. In his moments of depression he was accustomed to humble himself before God, and composed spiritual hymns in which he compared his nothingness with the power of the Almighty. He was scrupulous in keeping his word; he loved justice, and knowingly never wronged anybody.” Under such a one the political and religious splendor of the Turks reached its zenith, and the selfsame man, Turk though he was, was nearer the kingdom of God than many a contemporary ruler reared under Western Christianity.

But the sun of Islam was on the wane; or shall we use Spencer’s words and say that, having evolved to her limit, she reached her equilibrium at this time, and we may now

expect signs of dissolution. Geographically she is destined yet a little to increase; but the moral force behind her armies seems to lessen, as if the blast of Allah's breath had lost its force. Henceforth, though the waves of invasion are mountainous, and do most horribly rage and beat upon the bulkheads of Western Europe; yet save for occasional and temporary breaches in the defending walls, the tempest gradually weakens, and men begin to take new heart.

The successor of Soleiman was Selim the Sot, under which ruler of bibulous propensities Islam's might upon the sea was blighted; and never again was she able to claim the control of the Mediterranean. This was the result of the famous battle of Lepanto, in 1572, when Don John of Austria, that light-hearted but ill-fated prince of Spain, annihilated the greatest fleet the Porte had ever assembled. Though drowned at sea, she waxed vigorous on land, ever pushing onward, again and again crowding into Hungary, and once daring to besiege imperial Vienna itself—Vienna, at once the outpost and the heart of Papal Europe.

These, however, were but spasmodic efforts in emulation of the deeds of Soleiman, and the close of the sixteenth century marked the limits of Turkish advance. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the retreat commences, the retreat which still continues to-day, that retreat the how and where of which is in itself the Eastern question. For this question is at bottom naught else but a problem of what to do with the land which eventually will be vacated by the retreating Turk. For three hundred years the Moslems have been moving bag and baggage from those regions of which they took such jubilant possession in the days of their glory.

The event to which we refer was the treaty of Sitvatorok in 1606, upon which piece of paper it was writ that from henceforth the Holy German Emperor and Archduke of Austria need no longer remit to the Porte thirty thousand ducats per annum for being allowed (think of the humiliation of the word) to retain under his Christian rule a portion of Hungary. Austria now being the proud and unhampered possessor of this Eastern outpost, there begins a long and

bloody struggle with the Moslem for the control of the Danube. Though we know of no "Wacht am Rhein," or, rather, Wacht an der Donau, as a popular air of those days, the spirit behind the modern song was then paralleled; for as Germany and France fought for the Rhine, so in the seventeenth century did Turkey and Austria battle for the Danube. Of the severity of the conflict we shall not tell, in order to avoid monotony; for what is more tiresome than the tale of Turkish wars, always the same atrocities, always the same unchristian Christians, always the same results? for since Soleiman's days Islam's victories have been unprofitable.

By the end of the seventeenth century not an acre of land on the north bank of the river between the Theiss and Pruth remained in the possession of the Turks; but mark it well, the Hapsburg military were not the enemies and avengers who accomplished all this. Just how far one can play with historical "ifs" is debatable; but I should like to interject one here. In this duel for the Danube, on one occasion Austria would have bit the dust had it not been for Poland, for John Sobieski, of that land, saved Vienna from a full-blooded Turkish sack in 1683. If John had not done so, what would have happened to Europe? Probably that venerable lady would have aroused herself from her self-satisfied siesta and expelled the infidel. But how would poor Austria have emerged from the mess? Perchance she would not have emerged at all as a geographical division. Again, if this had happened, what would have been the effect in Germany, and in feverishly ambitious France, and in Poland, the land of national dyspepsia? And so our little "if" opens the dikes and breaks down the levees. How entertaining would be a history written with "contrary to fact" conditions as data! But let us not speculate further, lest we emerge into some such details as to whether Garibaldi could have been an assistant liberator of Italy if John Sobieski had never been born.

We return to our narrative, which has reached the end of the seventeenth century, with Turkey (thanks to Poland) well on her backward march. As we enter the eighteenth century the whole scene changes and a new actor is introduced—an

actor as yet comparatively unknown, but endowed with talents for impersonating the villain which make all aspiring Iagos pale in comparison. Our new friend is one who would not only be Thane of Cawdor, but Thane of everything else, the honorable and dishonorable son of Alexis and Natalia, known to the world as Peter the Great.

Before taking up this new phase of our subject—for after Peter appears all the old order passes away—it will be well, for purposes of clearness, to give an outline of this historical movement. I take it that we may divide the Eastern question into several phases or acts:

In its first stage the question is, Shall the Turk or Christian control Western Europe? The reply is to be found in the year 1606 at Sitvatorok, and it is, "The Christian shall."

The second stage begins here, and the question becomes, Shall Austria or Turkey control the Danube? The decision is given in 1699 at Carlowitz in favor of Austria, when, as a result of the treaty, she recovered almost all Hungary and the larger part of Croatia and Sclavonia.

The third stage we are just about to enter, in which Russia, that Briarean monster, begins slyly and slowly, but irresistibly, to stretch out her finger, hand, and then arm toward the south. We shall see how, in later days, she stretched her whole body out, leaned too far on one occasion, and fell; and the memory of that fall has not yet passed away. Common parlance understands by the expression "Eastern question" this latest stage. That is the phase in which it is asked, "Shall Russia be allowed to gobble up Turkey?" Let me also add that of late it would appear that a totally new phase has arisen in the promulgation of the British Monroe Doctrine of the Persian Gulf.

Let us glance at this third stage. Why does Peter's arrival so change affairs? Because he is the first Russian ruler to give primal prominence to the policy of expanding his country southward. The acquisition of Azov in 1699 begins the tale. It is the Russian bear's first taste of Turkish blood, and that one taste fixes his appetite for aye. Since then, "more Turkey" is Russia's never-ceasing desire; and, despite

diversions in the far East, the writer still believes that the old English theory is the correct one, that the white Czar longs for the Golden Horn above all the horns of plenty. Geographically the Bosphorus is of more value to her than any possible place on the Pacific.

To return to the narrative: the eighteenth century gives us Russia and Austria pressing toward the same point. If the "Sick Man" yielded much to the House of Hapsburg in the seventeenth century, what will he not yield to Hapsburg plus Romanoff in the eighteenth? But Peter the Grand could not build Rome in a day, and before Russia can turn an irresistible force upon the Turks she must settle the affairs of her own household. The chief importance of Peter then is his planting the seeds from which is to grow within her realms power of such intensity that, grown up to manhood under his successors, she will, like all new-blossomed nations, expand wherever she can. The Hapsburg-Romanoff combination does not as yet assume menacing proportions; but none the less a new phase has begun.

From 1690 to 1774 the Russians are working and conspiring. Peter was rash on one occasion, in 1711, and tried to fix the whole business in one blow; but his resources were insufficient, and he came within an ace of losing heavily. But he quickly made good his losses, and was enabled to recuperate whilst Turkey became involved in a foolish war with Persia. Had she kept at peace with the Persians at this time, she might well have attacked Russia with success during the Polish succession war in 1733; but since Soleiman's days her leaders have been shortsighted, and her defeats have been often attributable to her own errors.

However, between 1736 and 1740 we have a war which reminds us of the days of Turkey's glory. The details are intricate, there being involved the schemings of the courts of Russia, Austria, Sweden, and France. Two things are worthy of note: That the Turks seemed for a while infused with new vigor, and inflicted blow after blow on Emperor Charles VI. of Austria; and that Russia was trying to kill two birds, Sweden and Turkey, with one stone, whilst France

was ever so busy getting her finger into the pie. The peace which ended the war shows what its effects were. At Belgrade it was covenanted that Austria should yield up much land—such choice bits, for example, as Bosnia and Servia—and as a boundary between the two nations there were set down the Rivers Danube and Save. But we are primarily interested in Russia just now. How did she get out of the affair? Most fortunately she lost nothing, and even gained a few advantages.

All this seems strange. Hapsburg and Romanoff unable to get a bit of Turkey? Ay, but there has been a “nigger in the woodpile” all the time, and this is of special interest to us! Why, we have asked before, have the Turks not been turned out bag and baggage long ago? Because of jealousy—we shall see later, of England’s jealousy. Now we have to deal with France. Throughout this war her diplomats, Ville-neuve and others, have been pulling every wire they could lay their hands on, and the Treaty of Belgrade is “the *chef-d’œuvre* of French diplomacy in the eighteenth century.” She had taken it into her head that Russia must not control the Euxine, and the success of her policy is evident when we read in the treaty that no Russian ships were to be allowed upon the blue waters of the Black Sea. So we begin at last to see clear evidences of that coming Franco-English protection which is the wherefore of the Turks’ enjoyable security this side of the Bosphorus.

Thirty years of peace follow, thirty years in which golden opportunities are given to the Islamites to “lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes,” but this they did not. And why not? The reply is to be found in the fundamental philosophy of the Turk. Somebody has remarked that politics and all that goes therewith are but outward manifestations of a nation’s conception of God. Now this is deep, and while we are busy destroying the Turks, we had best not drown ourselves. But certain it is that the Mohammedan creed is destructive of progress. The adherents of that faith have had numerous chances to found a firm and lasting power. Perhaps no nation has failed to take advantage of so many op-

portunities. What is the trouble? Simply that their faith is hostile to progress; and while the world has been advancing, and inventions innumerable have come to aid mankind, these worshipers of the one God have refused to accept and adopt any modern improvement, sociological or mechanical. And why, forsooth? Because it is not mentioned in the Koran. Go to Constantinople to-day (but call it Istanbul while there), and see the antediluvian condition of the town. As an instance, there is no electricity, and cameras, considered an invention of the devil, are forbidden. At any rate, the thirty years' chance is neglected; and when next we find troubles arising, we shall see Turkey fight with far less strength than in 1738.

The anticipations which we felt when Peter came to power find their realization in this new phase of the subject which we now enter. We find on the throne of Russia that Benevolent Tigress with six lovers whom posterity has called Katherine the Great. Her contribution to the Eastern question was the Treaty of Kutchuc Kainardji (spell it as you like, "Kutchuc" means "little," so we can call it "little Kainardji"). But "little Kainardji" was one of the biggest things that ever happened in Eastern Europe. The Russians had whipped the Turks in a short war, and the terms of this treaty represent the resultant *status quo*. Several fortified towns of weird names, adjacent to the mouth of the Dnieper, were ceded to Russia, and to all intents and purposes the Crimea was lost to Turkey. The treaty stated that it was to be an independent principality, and "The Sublime Porte further binds itself and solemnly promises not to introduce or support any garrison or armed force," and "to appoint no governor or officer for these states, . . . but to leave them in perfect liberty and independence." But note, Russia promises exactly the same things; however, they are Russian promises, the which are of less value even than Turkish. Another great advantage was gained by the free navigation of the Euxine, by the opening of the straits to the Czar, and further, by a coprotectorate established over Moldavia and Wallachia. These dry-as-dust facts are given to show how tremendously

Russia tightened her grip on the Euxine, that grip which she is still tightening, and to give the seriously-minded an opportunity of consulting their historical atlases.

But it was not in Yenikales or Azovs, in Crimeas or rivers, that the importance of Kainardji is seen, but rather in that part of it relating to the Czar's relation to the Christian subjects of the Porte. Article VII. of the Treaty ran: "The Sublime Porte promises constantly to protect the Christian religion, and the Churches belonging to it; and it also permits the minister of the Imperial Court of Russia to make on all occasions representations as well in respect of the new Church of Constantinople as of those who belong to it, promising to take them into consideration as coming from a person in the confidence of a neighboring and sincerely friendly power."

Article XIV. states further that Russia may erect a chapel on the street known as Bey Ogen, which is to be under the protection of the Russian Minister.

This seems harmless enough, this granting of permission to erect a particular church in Pera. The first clause quoted, it will be noted, granted Russia the right to make "representations" on behalf of the "new church." This refers to the edifice on Bey Ogen Street. Harmless, say you? So did the *Tu es Petrus* seem harmless to the men of the Ancient Church; but the ambitions of bodies politic and the cupidity of bodies ecclesiastical can gain out of words of love motives for deeds of hate. The right of oversight granted for this church on a certain street became, by Russian sleight of hand, metamorphosed into a permission to exercise general supervision over all the Greek Christians residing within the dominions of the Sultan.

As we have said, the territorial gains of Russia at this treaty were of inconsiderable importance compared with the issue which evolved out of these apparently simple and definite religious regulations. For out of the forced interpretation we have alluded to came the iniquitous and bloody war of the Crimea, and more than that concrete case innumerable sources of friction extending over a half a century. If it were

the purpose of this paper to give a conscientious digest of the entire history of this subject, we should have to enter into a dissertation at once upon the barefaced dishonesty of Russia immediately after the signing of the treaty. But we need not waste ink in proving that Iscariot was a traitor, or that the imperial end of Russia justifieth all sorts and conditions of means; and so we shall leave details and enter once more into generalizations.

So far we have shown the Eastern question as divisible into three phases, the last phase beginning with the advent of Peter the Great. Now, so far as events are concerned, it would be more precise to begin this last or Russian phase with the treaty of Kainardji; but as we have endeavored to show, though events would warrant this, yet in the growth of political aspirations we cannot disregard the earlier date. Therefore, to continue our tabular view, we would say that after 1774 we enter a second and acute phase of the third division of our subject.

What are the chief points to be noted? In the first place the objects of Russia now are avowed openly, and clearly discerned by all Europe. Tauntingly she tells the world that she considers herself the guardian and wet nurse of Eastern Christianity. To be sure, she issued no Firman or Irade or Manifesto, dilating upon her designs; for Russia never wastes paper, expect when she signs a treaty. But after 1774 all the world knew that St. Nicholas had his heart, soul, and mind set upon Constantinople.

Now England hears the taunt, and, through her envoys plenipotentiary and most extraordinary, begins to whisper to France in awe-struck tones that surely it were better for the Mussulman to remain in Europe than for Russia to have the Golden Horn. And France, who in those days was not the self-appointed and servile pawnbroker to Russia that she now is, hearkened eagerly to the jealous words of Britannia, and so they, schoolgirl-like, anxious for a quarrel but finding no sufficient cause, just keep on nudging. After Kainardji the condition of affairs gives us our first glimpse of the modern status.

Naturally, we should say, the increased power of Islam's adversaries will bring the whole matter to a speedy termination. But, in the language of Artemus Ward, "quite the reverse to the contrary" is the fact. And why? Because what had previously been a comparatively local affair assumes (so think the English) European importance, and we begin to hear at the council boards of Europe that the whole question must be weighed in the scales of the balance of power.

"Balance of Power!" What crimes have been committed in that name! What untold outpourings of blood, blue blood and yellow blood, have been caused to uphold that touchstone of all selfishness! Deep down in the breast of the *Weltgeist* there dwells a demon, and that demon's name is Balance of Power, and his object is to prevent the world from evolving as the good God would have it evolve. I do not wish to sermonize too tiresomely; but let me briefly state the reason why this theory is the evil genius of Europe. If we accept the theory of the Survival of the Fittest, and all that runs cognate therewith, it follows that any endeavor to thwart this law is to oppose human progress. Communism, absolute equality, red-capped socialism, and anarchism are but attempts to stem the tide of evolution. Now what these attempts are to the individual State, such is the theory of the Balance of Power to Europe. It would defy the law of God; the law which says, "Thou shalt not prevent thy brother from improving his opportunities." Read Europe's history, and see how this demon allured Germany and Italy into years of misery, and put off the time of their nationalization.

And so it is that this evil spirit enters the Eastern question. When we are expecting Russia and Austria to bring about a speedy solution, and to see the Turk sent back to his kennel and the whole matter easily terminated, instead we see the wheels of progress blocked, the process of evolution held up; and we enter that period in which we feel bound to agree that there is one thing worse than a Turk, and that is a Christian who has become inoculated with the bacillus of the Balance of Power.

However, the strength of evolution is mightier than the power of any bacilli, and if more slowly yet just as surely the retreat of the Turk goes on. We need not enter into details, but can at once turn to the next phase of the situation.

Russia imperceptibly creeps forward. What are the boundary lines of Kainardji to her? What are boundary lines to any healthy nation. Given one with a fixed purpose, the mere fact that it signs its name to a document in no way signifies that the handwriting will stifle its aspirations. And so within a few years we find the Crimea practically converted into Russian land.

And so Russia creeps and England weeps. One is always tempted to moralize when the subject of England's attitude toward the Eastern question is brought up. Why should Anglicans and Russians grudge to Greek Christians of Russia the right to constitute themselves protectors of Greek Christians in contiguous territory, especially when that territory was going to the dogs? Not that the Greek Christians deserved protection, but if it was to be extended surely we should set a thief to watch over a thief. Perhaps one will reply that the question had far deeper meaning than the mere protection of worshipers; that it meant life and death to England's Eastern plans. Why, then, did she not come out and say so and cease posing the sanctimonious? But he who reads history and looks for consistency is like the man who reads philosophy expecting to find agreement among the philosophers. Had England announced that she did not care twopence for the religious side of the question, she might escape condemnation for hypocrisy. However, the God of History hides his face when European rulers get to bickering. Let us leave the eighteenth century and enter the nineteenth.

The Corsican genius has finished his skyrocket career, his last game of chance has been lost, he has been expelled from the club of autocrats, and his name is writ large on the bulletin board as a bankrupt. The executive committee sits about the table, like children on the sands, making anew the map of Europe. Poor fools! poor children! they forget the tide will rise again. Metternich, suave and well-dressed, pre-

sides over his betters, indicating the way to arrange matters so neatly that they will all live happily ever afterwards. Insular Continentals, they forget the Turk! They see not that, though the giant has been chained up, there are yet pygmies innumerable who can make life miserable. Says Metternich, precisely pulling on his gloves as he prepares to leave: "It looks as though the dawn of a better day were beginning to break." But it was something less fair and more roseate than the dawn that was beginning to break. Something blood-red and ugly, something sad and ghastly, for the nineteenth century phase of the Eastern question was arising, and the terrors of Napoleon were to be forgotten in the hypocrisies and iniquities of European Christians.

To give any account of the ins and outs of this century is impossible, unless one goes to very great length. Our purpose all along has been but to touch upon important features, and to this we must hold in the present phase of the subject. We have no time to tell of the complications resulting from the Greek revolt, and how it brought Russia and Turkey into war once more; but we must pause to mention the concluding treaty of that war, that of Adrianople. Its advantageous terms mark another notch in the southward progress of the Czars, and the backward march of the Turks. Of more importance than the unspellable places acquired by Russia is the fact that Bulgaria and Roumania are new-erected into practically independent States, with back doors wide open for Russia's emissaries. In '32 Greece becomes an independent nation, and thus we enter the fourth decade with Turkey pushed still farther eastward.

The next actor to appear is that prophet who arose in Ishmael, Mahmud II., whose enlightened ideas and civilized opinions so scandalized the Turks that they rise in revolt under Mehemet Ali. The sultan in distress appeals for help, and Czar Nicholas is there on the instant, and an alliance is formed which all but made Constantinople a Russian protectorate. The culminating event, the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, goads England to a madness which lies deeper than the paper peace they make, and for better or for worse a

public opinion is generated which outlives all ephemeral diplomacy and ends in that necessary dose of medicine, the Crimean War. No isolated causes brought about this strife; the conflict was an inevitable result of Kainardji in 1774 and of Unkiar-Skelessi. The *status quo* was impossible so long as England's leaders proclaimed it their duty to God to keep Allah in Constantinople. The Crimea passed, and England whipped Russia—Frenchmen helping—and gained nothing, unless it was that she gained for a poet an opportunity to write "Half a League Onward." What folly has England ever been drawn into greater than that war? What was said of the Charge of the Light Brigade can equally be said of the whole affair: "Somebody blundered."

But we must leave Balaklava and Franco-English love-making and turn to the fourth reopening of the wound during the century, that which occurred in 1871. This occasion is of interest to us because there was then a series of happenings quite reminding one of the events which have been transpiring in the past year. That is to say, a condition of garrulous turbulency shows itself! Massacres and collective notes, outrages and proposed schemes of reform come as thick and fast as snowflakes. All that is wanted to bring Elysian days is to find two proposals which agree, and two powers which have the same ideas on the salvation of the East. But one has to look in vain for international congenialities.

This past year we have had the Salonika murder and the Beirut attempt: in '76 the French and German consuls were murdered at Salonika. This was irritating item number one. Now we have had the Albanian rising: then came the Herzegovinian. This time we have had a delightfully futile collective note, and then was enjoyed the Andrassy Note, equally high-sounding and ineffective. Bosnia rose, and Serbia and Montenegro declared war upon the Turk, and men said, as they said a few months ago, "The Turk must be expelled to pacify the land." In the meantime, in 1876, Abdul-Hamid II., the present disgrace of the prophet's mantle, began his nefarious reign. The climax seemed to have arrived when the Bulgarian atrocities horrified humanity, and tens of

thousands of Christians were slain in cold and hot blood. Then, as to-day, Abdul promised reforms, and then, as to-day, he lied. Abdul's motto from first to last has been *divide et impera*.

On the 24th of April, '77, Alexander II. declared war; and on the 3d of March, '78, having sufficiently whipped the Turks, there was arranged by these two Eastern gentlemen, Abdul and Alexander, the famous Treaty of San Stephano, which was declared null and void by the other powers, and Russia was forced to accept the Treaty of Berlin. But what is writ in the heart is of more permanence than what is put upon parchment, and the abrogated peace is more indicative of the future of that land than the Treaty of Berlin. This is a bold statement, but is none the less believed by the writer.

Let us see why. Because the hopes and aspirations of Bulgaria and Russia were voiced in the former, whereas Berlin stifled all their ambitions. By Stephano, Bulgaria was to be a country stretching from the Danube to the Adriatic Archipelago, comprising her present boundaries plus what we to-day term Macedonia. This greater Bulgaria would have become the controlling power of the Balkan Peninsular, and would have rejoiced in Eastern and Western seaboard. That the government could have been stable we cannot doubt, when we remember that a Russian army of fifty thousand was to preside over her infant operations. There were other provisions, of course, but this one was of overwhelming significance. It meant that Russia and Bulgaria would control the debatable land, and comparative peace and prosperity would have ensued. The Eastern question would have been settled, and the past thirty years of uncertainty and the still more enigmatical future would be avoided. Taking all into consideration, would it not have been better than the checker-board and positively impossible arrangement of Berlin.

Let us now look at Berlin and see what the present official *status quo* is. Bulgaria became what she is to-day, with Eastern Roumelia as a southern boundary theoretically, but actually with Eastern Roumelia added to her. Dobrudscha was given to Roumania to pacify her, whilst Russia took Bes-

sarabia. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro were to be independent of the Porte, and Bosnia and Herzegovina were virtually taken from it. So we see that huge slices were taken under our brethren's care, and that Turkey was very considerably driven backward. In Bosnia, Austria was authorized to "preserve order" for an indefinite time (which, by the way, she has done most effectively, and the people have been vastly benefited), so one can practically say Austria gained this territory. In addition to Bessarabia, notorious to-day because of the Kishineff massacre, Russia gained Kars and Batoum in Asia, which is of more than passing interest because it is her first great step toward the Persian Gulf. Throughout this arrangement England had been furiously busy pulling this wire and that, and no small part of the disposition of land was due to her "suggestions."

These prosaic and dry facts represent the latest results of the evolution of the Eastern question, though new arrangements may be made before this goes to press. We have followed the story from Ertoghrul to Abdul-Hamid II., and have seen the Turks begin, succeed, and finally fail. We have seen the phases of this curious historical anomaly, and how, from magnificent prospects and vast dominions, they have now shrunk until a few valueless vilayets are the only places left. Or, to put it in the language of geography, the two hundred and ninety-seven years of retreat have seen established the following States, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Greece; while at the same time Austria and Russia have brought large strips of quondam Turkish territory under their own supposed-to-be civilization. And so the story of the Turkish retreat pauses.

Before writing *finis* let me indulge in a prophecy. We have seen the Turk moving out of Europe so long a time that we have acquired the habit of thinking it to be a necessary part of politics. We seem to think the world would stop revolving if there were no Turk to curse, no Mussulman to defame, no Eastern question to arouse our ire, and no Islamite to keep pushing by hook and especially by crook back to the woods of Asia. But—and this is too evidently true to be called

prophecy—the time is coming when European diplomats will have to seek elsewhere for some butt, some scapegoat, upon which to exercise their ingenious hypocrisy; or, in other words, the retreat is some day bound to be concluded by the transportation of all harems to the other side of the Dardanelles.

But when the demand of the politicians, preachers, and the populace has been granted, and evolution (not politics) has driven the Turks from Europe, what will have been done with that debatable land? Two laws will control the situation in the future: First, international jealousies; and secondly, the Survival of the Fittest. So long as the law of jealousy holds sway—and it will until man evolves farther from the ape—Russia will not be permitted to absorb the Balkans. She might get the Golden Horn, but even that is highly improbable.

Let us, then, for purposes of the argument, assume that Russia will never get the so-called Macedonia. Who, then, will be the lucky one? Certainly not England, she seems to have bitten off the earth more than she can chew already; nor France, she has not the muscle to accomplish the feat; nor Germany, for that to England and France would be unendurable. Yet certainly some power must appear; the world is going forward, not backward, and it is morally certain that some judge will arise in Israel. We have left but one probable power, Austria-Hungary; let us see what we can get out of this.

Now we must take a leap across an ugly gulf of guesswork, and postulate what many a man has postulated, that the Dual Empire is on its last legs. It may survive Franz Joseph and Franz Ferdinand too, and several other Franzes, but that whole partnership is an anomaly. Austria was not born great, nor has she attained greatness; but, and most emphatically but, she has had greatness thrust upon her. Rudolf of old had an unexpected crown put in his hands, Ottocar of Bohemia's inefficiency gave him Austria, and from that accidental beginning until to-day she has been luxuriating in luck. Somewhere or other I have seen the Austrian

general, Radetzky, described as the "least whipped" of all her soldiers. A superficial survey of Austria's history reveals the grounds upon which the remark has been made. With one or two brilliant exceptions, such as Eugene and Laudon, when did Austria win her own fights? Glance over the incidents of her career in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and see how large a part fortune played in aiding her to hold the purple. It took a Pole to save her in 1683, it took the Russians to preserve Hungary for her in 1848, and the political schemes of Bismarck were for her a blessing after Sadowa. Examples could be multiplied into a volume to further the argument.

Now with this unmeritorious past, what is her present? Hopelessly confused. The Reichsrath is principally a playground in which learned Herrs get exercise slinging vituperative epithets and inkpots. No man seems to know what the morrow will bring forth, and in political circles remarks upon the weather have been replaced with the question, "Will Hungary remain true after old Franz Joseph dies?" I believe the *Ausgleich* will soon be merely an interesting historical fact, and Pan-Germanism will triumph in the annexation of Austria to the German Empire.

If this is so, what will become of the kingdom of the Magyars? The reply is to be found in the condition of Hungary to-day. She is prosperous, she is liberal, she is up-to-date, and has a genuine attack of American "hustles." No European nation seems more ready to become one among the fittest than Hungary. What then? Why, Bosnia and Herzegovina will, by the new and typically modern way of *misinterpreting* treaties, be claimed hers according to the Treaty of Berlin. Thus we have a large, powerful, and energetic nation entering into the solution of the Balkan problem; this new kingdom needs seaports, and on the Adriatic she will get them, and thus the solution of the Eastern question will be found in the rise of Hungary.

But what will become of the smaller States, such as Servia and Montenegro? In the struggle for survival they all go under, and the land will be apportioned out between Bul-

garia and our Magyar friends. One exception to this general swallowing up would we make—Greece.

“The Isles of Greece, where all except their sun is set,” what will become of them? Probably as long as classical learning flourishes (and may it long do so!) Greece will remain what she is to-day, a good-for-nothing, meddling, gossip little kingdom wearing its grandfather’s hat. She owes her present position to her past reputation and the sympathy of English classicists, and her quasi-independence will probably yet continue for many centuries in the strength of her Parthenon and her *διδωμ*’s.

ARTHUR R. GRAY.

Sewanee.